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The Whim of the day

[London]

[18--]

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THE

WHIM OF THE DAY;

Containing Choice Songs.

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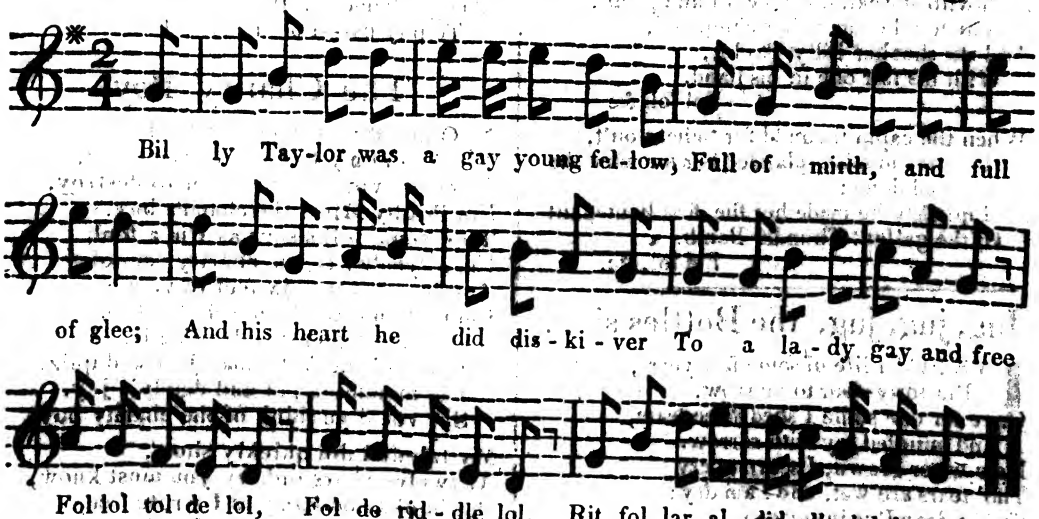
The Nightingale Club.

Billy Tailor. A Celebrated Song.


Bil ly Tay-lor was a gay young fel-low, Full of mirth, and full
of glee; And his heart he did dis-ki-ver To a la-dy gay and free
Fol lol tol de lol, Fol de rid-dle lol, Rit fol lar al, did-dle dol de ra.

PRINTED BY J. CATNACH, 2, 3, MONMOUTH-COURT, 7 DIALS.

Four and twenty stout young fellows,
Clad they were in blue array,
Came and press'd young Billy Taylor,
And forthwith sent him to sea.
Fol lol, &c.

Soon his true love follow'd a'ter,
Under the name of Richard Carr;
And her lily white hands she daub'd all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.
Fol lol, &c.

When they came to the first engagement,
Bold she fit among the rest,
Untill a cannon ball did cut her jacket open,
And diskiver'd her lily white breast.
Fol lol, &c.

When the captain com'd for to hear on't,
Says he "Vat vind has blown you here?"
Says she "I come for to seek for my truelove
"Whom you press'd, and I love so dear."
Fol lol, &c.

"If you come for to seek for your truelove,
"Tell unto me his name I pray?"
"His name, kind sir, is Billy Taylor,
"Whom you press'd and sent to sea."
Fol lol, &c.

"If his name is Billy Taylor,
"He's both cruel and severe;
"For rise up early in the morning,
"And you'll see him with a lady fair."
Fol lol, &c'

With that she rose up in the morning,
Early by the break of day;
And she met her Billy Taylor,
Walking with a lady gay.
Fol lol, &c.

Forthwith she call'd for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command,
And she shot her Billy Taylor,
With his fair one in his hand.
Fol lol, &c

When the captain com'd for to hear on't,
He werry much applauded her for what she had done;
And quickly he made her the first lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder Bomb.
Fol lol, &c.

Jug, jug, jug, the Bottles sing.

I'VE liv'd a life of some few years,
I'm forty-four to morrow,
Once for one smile I shed three tears,
And mingled joy with sorrow.
Now wiser grown, I scorn to cry
Tho' tears are wet, and I am dry;
So if a drop I've in my eye,
It's only when the glasses ring,
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

The friend I trusted, lack-a-day.
Most scurvily abus'd me;
The wife I married, ran away
With him who thus had us'd me
My grief, too big to let me cry,
Could only [illegible]
[illegible]
It's only [illegible]
And jug, jug, [illegible] ing.
Yet think not, [illegible] are bad,
Ill usage set me [illegible]
From duty's call, [illegible] lad
Who ne'er was fond [illegible] ing.
While love for Britain [illegible] eye,
Like every tar, my best [illegible]
To thresh her foes, and when I'm dry,
Drink all her friends, her Queen and King
While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

Poor Old Maidens.

FOUR score and ten of us,
Poor old maidens!
Four score and ten of us,
Without a penny in our purse,
Lame and blind, and what is worse?
Poor old maidens!
We are of a sickly kin,
Poor old maidens!
Wearing flannel next our skin,
To keep the cold from coming in,
Poor old maidens!
We are of a willing mind,
Poor old maidens!
We are of a willing mind,
Would young men but be so kind,
As to wed the lame and blind,
Poor old maidens
We'll petition Castlereagh,
Poor old maidens!
From leading apes to set us free,
And parliament will all agree
To pity us---Poor maidens!

The Charity Boy.

NO doubt you wonder who I is,
And at my figure you may quiz,
At vonce your doubts then to destroy,
I'm Bobby Miles the charity boy.
Tho' some folks says as I'm a fool,
I'm a teacher in the charity school;
And 'cause I am six feet to view,
I'm reckon'd the head scholar too.
Oh! vot a pleasure larning is,
For tho' the folks may jeer and quiz,
I'm mammy's pet and daddy's joy,
So, vot d'ye think of the charity boy.

My talent I did quickly show,
At twelve years old, vy you must know,
Pot-hooks and hangers I wrote free,
'Asides I know'd my A, B, C.
My rising genus not to pass,
They promoted me to the fust class,
And vhen master my schoolfellows did vhack,
I'd the onner to take 'em on my back,
Oh vot, &c.

To be quite genteel is my rule,
I alvus is the first at school,
To encourage me my mother drops,
The browns to buy me lollipops,
Then as to eddication my vay I brags,
On hard-bake I blow out my bags,
Sale tarts and hams too, it is plain,
And a sparkling piece of silechampane.
Oh vot, &c.

I'm so accomplished you must see,
At mixeys none can play like me;
At buttons too I comes it stout,
I beats my playmates out and out,
My learning too no one denies,
As this here proof will quite suffice,
You hear as I can spell quite pat,
C, A, T, dog, and D, O, G, cat.

Vun arternoon I play'd the vag,
And to the fields my vay did drag—
To get cock sorrel the place I knew,
And buttercups and daisies too,
Next day my master scolded me,
And threatened that I horsed should be,
But vhen he made the fust attack,
Vy I vollop'd master like a sack.

On boxing day my joys increase,
For vhen I shows my Christmas piece,
I gets sich lots o' money then,
'Cause I so well can use my pen.
And vhen ve has a breaking up,
Oh crikeys! don't I eat and sup,
To cut avay 'tis then the time,
Oh, jigger me tight! it is so prime.

So thus you sees how blest I are,
In larning I beats Byron far,
Vith a mind content, vhere'er I goes,
And dress'd in these here handsome clo'es,
I ever bless the fate I'm sure,
Vhich made me humble, made me poor,
For Oh, you can't conceive the joy,
It is to be a charity boy.

'Humpty dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall;
I'm mammy's pet and daddy's joy,
So, vot d'ye think of the charity boy?

Poor Jack.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike.
Tho' the tempest top gallant-masts smack smooth should shave,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze ev'ry thing tight
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud;
Avast, nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back;
For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heavens, mercy, and such,
And, my lubbers! what signs he'd of calm and delay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch;
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top sails of sailor's check,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies snivelling and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more,
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me? a sailor should be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a trip;
As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's
And as for my life, 'tis the king's,
Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken aback:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

The Topsails shiver.

THE topsails shiver in the wind
The ship she casts to the sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.

Should landsmen flatter when we've sail'd
O doubt thein artful tales:
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

These are the cares, but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main;
The rocks, the billows, & the wind
Till we return again,
Now England's glory rests with you
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu.

The old Man, his Son, & Ass.

A FAVORITE RECITATION.

A Country fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell.
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well that by the destin'd day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, 'Look! look there at that ass! (side,
And those two blockheads trudging on, each
That have not either of 'em sense to ride;
Asses all three!' and thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But every word stuck in the young one's head,
And thus began their comment thereupon:--
'Ne'er heed 'em lad.'--'Nay, father, do get on,
'Not I, indeed.'---'Why then let me, I pray,
'Well do; and see what prating tongues will say.'

The boy was mounted; and they had not
Much further on, before another knot, (got
Just as the ass passing by, pad, pad,
Cried---'O! that lazy looby of a lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot.'

Down came the son, on hearing this account
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount,
Till a third party on a farther stretch,
'See! see!' exclaimed, 'that old hard-hearted wretch!
How like a justice there he sits, or squire,
While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire.'

'Stop,' cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,
Stop, farther, stop; let me get on behind.'
This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed by succeeding tone,
'Hark-ye, you fellows! is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! or one of you at least;
You both deserve to carry the poor beast;
Ready to drop down upon the road,
With such a huge unconscionable load.'

On this they both dismounted; and, some
Contriv'd to carry, the remaining way, (say,
The ass between 'em; prints are seen, they add
The ass supported by the man and lad!
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow, says, the man
Rubb'd down his ass, and took to his first plan,
Walk'd to the fair and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice:

'Let talkers talk; stick them to what is best;
To think of pleasing all is all a jest.'

Scots Medley.

As I cam' in by Cadzow Cross,
And yont the Lamer Lee, man,
There was braw kissing there,
Come but and kiss wi' me, man.
There was Highland folk and Lawland folk
Unco folk and ken folk,
Folk aboon folk i' the yard,
There's nae folk like our ain folk.
Dirum dirum, &c

Hech, hey! says Bessy Bell,
Kilt your coats, Maggy;
Ye's get a new gown,
Down the burn, Davie.
The Earl of Mar's bonny thing,
And muckle bookit wallet;
Play the same tune o'er again,
And down the burn for a' that.
Dirum, dum, &c

Gin ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae wantin';
I gat the lang girdin o't'
An' I fell thro the gantrin.
O'er the hills and far away,
My bonnie winsome Willie;
Where shall our gudeman lye?
The gleed Earl of Kelly.
Dirum dum, &c.

Toddle but, and toddle ben,
Hey, Tam Brandy;
Crack a louse on Maggy's wame,
Little Cocky Bendy.
There's three sheep's skins,
The barber and his bason
The bonnie lass o' Patie's Mill,
Wi' the free and accepted mason.
Dirum dum, &c

On Ettrick banks, on simmer night,
The cliffy rocks in view, man;
Kath'rine Ogie gat a fright,
'Mang Scotland's bells nae blue, man.
O waly, waly, up yon bank,
And down by bonnie Yarrow,
The lassie lost her silken snood
Wi' Will her winsome marrow.
Dirum dum, &c.

Stately step he east the wa',
The lad I darena name, man;
Geordie reigns in Charlie's ha';
Send Lewie Gordon hame, man;
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
Will brew'd a peck o' maut, man;
John Anderson, ye're growing auld,
Pit a sheep's head i' the pat, man.
Dirum dum, &c.

The tailor cam to clout the claise
Upon a Lammas night, man,
Which caus'd the battle o' the Boyne,
And shav'd M'Shaun great slight, man.
John Tamson at the key-hole keeks,
My wife's a wanton pawky,

She's shooting Johnny's grey breeks,
And [illegible], &c
[illegible]
[illegible],
Willie was a wanton wag,
[illegible]
Playing the Deel of a mischief was
Drum dum, &c.

Corporal Casey.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and frisky
My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky
My uncle was rich, but would never be aisey
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey!
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
My dear little Sheiah, I thought would run crazy,
When I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey.

I marched from Kilkenny, and, as I was thinking
On Sheiah, my heart in my bosom was sinking,
But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisey
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
The devil go with him, I ne'er could be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bothered me rarely,
And who should the first be that dropped, why, and please ye,
But my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be aisey,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

The Cook Shop.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,
From a kitchen below that a cook shop was near,
I said if a gorge is to be found in the world,
The man that is hungry might hope for it here.

Ev'ry plate was at rest,
And I heard not a sound,
But the knives and forks rattling,
Sweet music for me.

And here in this snug little box would I sit,
With a joint that was lovely to nose and to view,
A tureen of beef, a turkey and chine,
Why blest could I live and how calm could I
[illegible]
By the side of you dustmen whose thick muz-
[illegible]
[illegible]
And to know as I gobbl'd it down with my lip
That [illegible] but
mine.

Parody on "Not a drum was heard."

NOT a *cove* had he got—not a guinea or note;
And he looked confoundedly *funnied*,
As he bolted away without saying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.
And the landlady, &c.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from club returning;
We *twigg'd* the doctor beneath the light,
Of the gas-lamps, brilliantly burning.

All bare and expos'd to the midnight dews,
Reclin'd in the gutter we found him;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.
With his, &c.

'The doctor's as drunk as the devil,' we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red-
Herrings, with soda-water.
Herrings, &c.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd—so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane—just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun
Of a watchman "one o'clock" bawling.
Of a watchman, &c.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

Darby Kelly.

MY grandsire beat a drum, so nate,
His name was Darby Kelly, O;
No lad so true at rattatoo,
At roll-call, or reveillee, O.
When Marlborough's name first raised his fame
My grandy beat the point of war;
At Blenheim he, at Ramillie,
Made cats to dingle mean and far.
For with his fist he'd such a twist,
The girls would leer—you don't know how;
They laughed and cried; [illegible]
To hear him beat the row dow-dow.

A son he had, [illegible] was my dad,
As tight a lad as any, O,
You e'er would know, though you should go
From Chester to Kilkenny, O.
When great Wolfe died, his country's pride,
To arms! my [illegible] father beat;
Each dale and hill, remembers still
How loud, how long, how strong, how neat.
With each drumstick, he had the nick
The girls would leer—you don't know how;
Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen,
To hear him beat the row dow dow.

Yet ere I wed, ne'er it be said
But that the foe I dare to meet;
With Wellington, old Erin's son,
To help to make them beat retreat
King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,
Was called the hero of his age:
But what was he to him we see,
The Arthur of the modern page
He, by the powers! from Lisbon's towers
Their trophies bore, to grace his brow;
And made them prance through Spain and France,
With his English-Irish row dow dow.

Monsieur Tonson.

A Comic Tale, written by Mr. J. Taylor, and recited by Mr. Fawcett.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, y'clept Tom King
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and smoke,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone--
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight---
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials height;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the numerous [illegible]
Of honest [illegible]
Known [illegible] time, by name of refugees.
The red [illegible]
Compell'd [illegible]
And [illegible]

Well! our two friends were [illegible] thro' the street,
In hopes some food for humour [illegible] to meet,
When in a window [illegible] view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seems the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time, you may suppose, near two o'clock)
'I'll ask,' says King, 'if *Thomson* lodges here.'
'Thomson,' cried t'other, 'who the devil's he?'
'I know not,' King replies, 'but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear.'

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *Culotte*,
An old strip'd woollen night cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread
Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roug'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee---
'Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late!
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait;
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands red me?'

'Sir,' replied King, 'I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go---
But, really, I've disturb'd your sleep, I fear
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here!

The shiv'ring Frenchman not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to think 'twas meant in jest,
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then with unalter'd courtesy, he spoke---
'No, sare, no *Monsieur Tonson* lodges here.'

Our wag begg'd pardon, and towards home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,
So the next night, with more of whimsick [illegible]
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd---but waited longer than before,
No [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprize,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
'Is there---a Mr. Thomson--lodges here?
The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright--
'Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night;
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
'No *Monsieur Tonson* in de varld I know,
No *Monsieur Tonson* here---I told you so;
Indeed, sare, dare no *Monsieur Tonson* here!'

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose (career---
The rogue next night pursued his old
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh--
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
'Sare, 'pon my soul, no *Monsieur Tonson* here!'

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prating maid,
Whose tongue indeed, than any Jack went faster;
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,
Hoping 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir 'till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she obliged to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes---he rises---and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attack'd him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all vain
To his tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear.
'Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam---I swear, no *Monsieur Tonson* here!'

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife, (away.
Which [illegible] to chase the hand
At length, [illegible] they agree,
And [illegible] they turn the key.
[illegible] fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the [illegible]
Collected to [illegible]
Uttering the old [illegible]
The name of Thomson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, 'well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.'

In short, our hero, with the same intent, (went
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
They threw out water—for the watch they call—
But King expecting still escapes from all---
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospects sought the eastern clime; (lot:
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace. (said,
'Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,' he
'My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead?— (place.'
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to
He took his old abode that very day— (say!
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light as before he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, [illegible] hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore--
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain;
Begar! here's *Monsieur Tonson* come again!
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

Erin-go-Bragh.

OH! I sing of sweet Erin, my country admiring,
For glory and honour her sons are renown'd,
And Love, that passion all hearts so inspiring,
In the sons of Hibernia most brisk will be found.

CHORUS.

Sing Erin-go-bragh! that's Ireland for ever--
Help me ladies to sing, for we love you agra! (no, never,
And with Albion united we'll be [illegible],
Then sing England for ever, and Erin-go-bragh.

...no the foe threat invasion? bind tighter the
laurel
That
That bo...
Shall prove the ful... ...ism, or fraternal
love.
Fanatics and zealots this question I ask ye—
Can religion be served by what Heaven
condemns? (mask ye,
O! shame, that the cloak of religion should
Ye who have caused to be murdered wives,
widows, and friends.
May the banners of freedom know no prosti-
tution, (ver'd;
Nor no anarchy reign under colours re-
May the empire of Britain know no revolution
But by patriots united, both countries be
steer'd. (blended,
Be the Rose, & the Thistle, & Shamrock so
That England, and Scotland, and Ireland
may sing;
That each are co-equal for honour intended—
Then success in each country, & long life
to the King.

Nightingale Club.

THE Nightingale Club in a village was
held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,
Where the singers, no doubt, would have
greatly excell'd,
But for want of taste, voice, and ears;
Still between every toast, with his gills
mighty red, (said,
Mr. President thus with great eloquence

Spoken.---Gentlemen of the Nightingale club, you all know the Rules and Regulations of this Society, and if any gentleman present is not aware of them, if he will look over the fire-place he will find them chalked up:--- That every gentleman must sing a Volunteer Song, whether he can or not, or drink a pint of salt and water. Therefore to make a beginning of this Evening's Harmony, I shall call up Mr. Snuffle. 'Sir, you hear I have an extreme bad cold, but with your permission I'll try to do my best.'---Sir, that's all we wish, for if you do your best, the best man can do no more.---Permit me to blow my nose first, and I'll begin directly.

(*Singing snuffingly.*)

Master I have and I am his man.
Goll-up in dreary dall,
Master I have and I am his man,
He'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With his hally, gally, gall bo layly
Higelty, pigelty, digelty,
Galloping dreary dal.

Bravo! Bravo! very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.
Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up
their clamour,
While [illegible] d down by the president's
[illegible]-a-hammer.

When Snuffle had [illegible]'d, a man of valour,
[illegible]
After [illegible]
Roar'd [illegible] away heathen, on,
Roll away, roll away, roll away heathen,
Pull—pull away, pull away, pull away heathen.

Spoken.---Mr. Drinkall we shall be happy to hear your song. Upon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot (here an answer) bring Dr. Drinkall a glass of salt & water.---'No, no, Mr. President sooner than swallow that dose, I'll try one.'---Bravo, silence.

A lass is good and a glass is good,
And a pipe is good in cold weather,
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.
A song is a good thing, when it's well
sung,
But some people they always stick in it.

Spoken.---'Pon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot sing any more. Bravo! Bravo! &c.

Mr. Drybones sung next, who was turned
three score,
And melodiously warbled away:
'She's sweet fifteen I'm one year more,
And yet we are too young they say.'

Then a little jew grocer who wore a bob wig
Struck up 'Billy Pringle had von very pig,
Not very lactel, not very pig,
But ven alive him was in clover,
But now him dead and dat's all over.

Spoken.---'Mr. President, I think it's time we had a toast or sentiment.' [illegible] whose turn is it to give one?---'Mr. [illegible] the Surgeon.' 'Sir, I'll give you success to the Royal Union.' Bravo, and now [illegible] mal we'll thank you for your song, I shall give you something sprightly.

'Merry are the bells and merry do they ring,
Merry is myself, and merry will I sing.
Bravo! Bravo! &c.

Mr. Piper some members call'd for [illegible]
Because all his notes were so shrill, (played
Shriek'd out like the wheel of a cart that
wants grease,
Deeper and deeper still.
Mr. Max who drinks gin with'd to coo like
a dove,
Murmur'd sweetly, 'O listen to the voice of
love,
which calls my Daphne to the grove.

Spoken.---Mr. Double lungs the butcher was next called on, who had a kind of a ductto voice something like a penny trumpet and a kettle drum.---'Mr. Double lungs we wish to hear your song'---"Sir I'll sing with all my heart, liver and lights; I'll sing you the echo song out of Comus with my own accompaniments, for when a man sings himself, he is sure to do it in the best manner.

[illegible]

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